WALT WHITMAN DINNERS.

A FELLOWSHIP THAT ESETS DISCUSS THE GOOD GRAY POET.

Where People of Many Different Sectal Conditions Are Found-Men Who Knew Whiteman and Others Who Study Him-His Ceped as They See It and Expound It.

Edgar Fawcett recently declared that Walt Whitman, as a poet, was a "cumbrous, lumbering absurdity." Many other people may agree with this opinion, but not so the me women who form the New York Walt Whitman Followship. They would take vio lent exception to Mr. Pawcett's characterization. Twice a year these lovers of Walt Whitman gather quietly to have a dinner to-gether and talk Whitman. A Walt Whitman Fellowship has existed in Boston for a long time, and another in Philadelphia, but it is within the last five years that the New York followers of the Good Gray Post have

In order to give anything like an accurate adea of the Walt Whitman Fellowship and of the peculiar spirit which prevails at its dinmers, it is almost necessary to write from the Viewpoint of a Whitmanite. Otherwise it seems hardly possible to describe what these feasts mean to the men and women who gather at them. These notes that follow are therefore, intended as a plea for Walt Whitman, or even as a superficial exposition of his ideas. They are given from the view of admirers of the Good Gray Poet, because that ems to be the easier way to show what Walt Whitmanites really think and talk about when they get together.

mi-annual dinners, then, are infor mal affairs, but full of interest. They bring together a most conglomerate gathering from all parts of the city. Poets, merchants, jourlists, artists, and socialists sit side by side in common brotherhood and admiration of Whitman. Above the presiding officer hangs always a portrait of the dead poet, looking enignantly down upon his followers, and to i those who are speaking usually turn for inspiration. At the dinners there is usually some one to give a long talk, and several others who give short talks. And the points of view preented are as varied as are the speakers themselves in nationality and condition. There are some who have a blind adoration for Whit man, who can see only good in him. Other there are who regard his work critically and are careful to point out his weakness as well Then it is usual for one or two of those at the table to give personal reminissences of the dead poet. Not a few in the fellowship were personal friends of Whitman. loved him and his curious ways, and succored him tenderly in his last days. For these Whitman is more than a mere memory-is more than singer of verse that is full of truth and vicer He is a great vital force, whose words, as they fell from his lips, still throb within their hearts. At these dinners are men and women to whon the presence of Whitman as he lived and went about among them a few years ago is the greatest thing that has ever come into their lives. force that changed the whole current of their ideas. It is little wonder, then, that when these people talk of their dead friend they are moved by strong feeling of the vital help he has given them. It seems to have been emphatically the case that however lacking Walt Whitman was in the ordinary conventions of life, he yet inspired among his friends the most absolute devotion. And this feeling has seemed to spread from those who talked and walked with Whitman to all the other mem bers of the Walt Whitman Fe lowship.

It is interesting to hear the testimony of some It is interesting to hear the testimony of some of the old men, rommon sons of toil, who knew Whitman not at all as a poet, but whoily as a man and comrade, chaps who could perhaps name hardly one of Whitman's heat known poems. For, before the war, as almost every ones knows, Whitman lived in Washington, making friends there among the poor and rich, the high and low. The car drivers were his comrades, and if he met a poor fellow in the street he would be likely to hail him and make him his companion for the day. In this way Whitman gathered a host of humble followers, who now, old and deceptit, come wandering oftentimes to the dinners in the chance of meeting others who loved Whitman as they. They always called him Wait in the old days, and they call him Wait now as they tell their fellows about the board of the day they met him on that sunny afternoon in Washington forty years ago. They took a long tramp with him over the hills that lie by the broad Potomae, and there Wait, out of the fulness of his heart, told them wonderful things of life and living that have remained with them ever since.

One of the best known followers of Whitman in the country is John Burroughs, whose love of outdoor life and of animals seems so akin to the dead poet's. Mr. Burroughs is numbered among the New York Fellowship and he occasionally attends its dinners, though, informal as they are, he dreads the task of having to spoak. Horace Traubel. Whitman's literary executor, is another cherished Whitmanial twose presence at the semi-annual feast is always hailed. of the old men, common sons of toil, who knew

they are, he dreads the task of having to speak. Horace Traubel, Whitman literary executor, is another cherished Whitmanite whose presence at the semi-annual feast is always hailed with delight. One should also mention J. H. Johnston, who always presides at the dinners and with whom Whitman lived for some years before his death. Col. Robert G. Ingersoil's elequence is sometimes heard at the dinners, and there are other well-known names that could be given of men and women both who gather for this feast of fellowship.

To get an idea of what these Whitmanites talk about together up and down the tables and afterward when they are asked to make an address, it is necessary only to turn to some of Whitman's verse. The creed that he laid down in rhythmic measure is the creed that the Whitman Fellowship talks at its gatherings. The members speak of the breadth, freshness and vigor about Whitman that seem to blow straight from some mighty mountain top or from the salt billows of the rumbling ocean. As Kipling would say, Whitman paints on "a ten-learne canvas with brushes of comets hair." Vast plains, worlds, constellations, centuries and soms form his subject-nothing less, in fact, than the universal and the infinite. He has a supreme optimism; the good, he says, is in everything, and as one of his admirers said at the last dinner, "Whitman wants man to take lesson from the openness and boundlessness of nature." He wants man's heart to be filled with the same spirit of freedom and of the joy of living. He has a limitless faith in the nature and capubilities of man. He trios to make plain the vigor and beauty that lie in God, and as well, he declares, in every man. He has, too, a great pity for the downtrodden and oppressed, and a part of his philosophy is that no effort, though ending in apparent failure, was ever lost. He is full of a suberb Americanism and is brimming over with his belief in the future greatness and glory of his country. That is the sort of creed, according to members of the fellowship, that Whitman

The seed is in every one, Whitman says. We all have a chance—perfection may grow out from each one of us. That is small wonder, he adds, when we think of the greatness of this earth of gurs and of the spirit that is behind it; of its slow growth toward perfection through the centuries:

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen. For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,

Of the interminable sisters.
Of the crassless cottlions of sisters,
of the contributal and contribugal sisters, the elder
and younger sisters;
The beautiful sister we know dances on with the rest.

Another creed, declared to be Whitman's, that you hear pseuched at the Followship dimers, is the fracedom of the individual as against the institution; impatience with forms, ceremonies, and subtletier of argument. "I am done." With Indoor complaints, fibraries, querulous criti-

Birong and content I t avel the open road. Logic and sermons never convince: The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.

Still another text is that oft-repeated one that until man gets beauty in his own soul he can never see all the beauty of the world:

The song is to the singer, and comes back most to him: The teaching is to the feacher, and comes back most to him:
The teaching is to the feacher, and comes back most to him:
The murder is to the murderer, and comes back most to him:
The side is to the thier, and comes back most to him:
The side is to the giver, and comes back most to him:
The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him:
It cannot fail.
And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own. or the indication of his own.

I swear the earth shall be complete to him or her who shall be complete.

I away the earth shall be complete to him or her who shall be complete.

The earth remains lagged and broken only to him or her who remains lagged and broken.

All this may be anything but real poetry, but the Walt Whitmannice think otherwise and declare that a great philosophy underlay what Whitman wrote. And they are anxious to compare notes and find out once one what the other has a sine; 2 of it is that twice a year thous, rou their trada and craft, their pen and pencil, their pick and spade, and gather to bid one another cheer. Perhaps it is to those who are dropping

behind in the struggle for earthly henor that Whitman is the greatest comfort when they

Whitmen is the greatest boar him say:
Have you heard that it is good to gain the day?
I also say it be good to fall; battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won. Vivas to those who have fail'd! And to the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!

greatest heroes known!
those who've fathed, in aspiration vast,
unnamed soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
calm, devoted engineers—to over ardent travellers To caim, devoted ougheers—to over ardent travellers—to pilote on their ships—
To many a lotty song and pleture without recognition—I'd rear a langel-cover denouncest,
High, high snove the rest—to all cut off before their Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire, Quench'd by an early death.

Posses'd by some strange spirit of fire, Quench'd by an early death.

The expressions that may be overheard as they dron from the lips of these Whitmanites show how they venerate the dead post as teacher. Some of these expressions, however extravagant, may be worth setting down:

"Next to Christ, Whitman is the noblest character, the highest teacher." 'One of the archetypal mon. "His, the most vital and original voice for 1,000 years." Whitman's idea for America was: 'We must have a great order of living, and then a great art is inevitable." "It is due only to the mild manners of the present age that Whitman was not crucified." 'He had an eye for the least as well as the greatest; his was a cosmile rhythm in microcosmic things." 'Do you ach as well as speak his teachings I Ah, be true. Whitmanites! Be not of those that take a great man's name in vaint Good night, my fellows!"

CONFESSION OF A HERMIT.

A Plot to Abduct Lincoln and a Murder Mystery of the St. Lawrence.

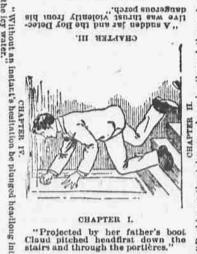
Robert McAdam, who lived the life of a her mit near Binghamton, died a few days ago at the age of 84 years. The Cape Vincent Eagle has since printed the following story of a plot to abduct President Lincoln in 1864, which, it says, is founded on a confession made by Mc

"McAdam said that in 1864, with five others, he went to Quebec and formed a plan to abduct Lincoln. A sum of \$300,000 in gold had been raised by friends of the Confederacy, and it was proposed to carry the Chief Executive to a secluded place in the South and hold him prisoner until one or more blows could be struck for the lost cause which might prove successful. If it falled the President was to be carried to one of the Florida keys and held for a large ransom. Lincoln was in the habit of taking horseback rides about Washington, and it was intended to waylay him during one of these excursions. The day had been fixed for the attempt and everything pointed to success, when McAdam was notified by the holder of the synlicate money in Quebec that the abduction plan had been declared off, as a surer method of disposing of their victim had been arranged. Of the ive men in the abduction plot, McAdam was the only one who knew of the proposed removal the others supposing the syndicate had weakened. How the crime was finally committed a matter of history, but there are subsequen details that are not generally known. McAdan was present in Toronto when Jake Thompson paid the \$300,000 in gold to John A. Payne Payne was to act as treasurer for the Surrat party and divide the money when an opportune moment should come. For the Surratts this never arrived, but there were others who thought they were entitled to a share of the reward, and when Payne failed to show up became

nterested. Among these was McAdam. "During the month of June, 1865, a strange "During the month of June, 1865, a stranger came down the St. Lawrence River and stopped at Fisher's Landing. The river was not the summer resort that it is now, and the arrival of a stranger caused considerable comment. He refused to talk, but it was known he had come over in a skiff from Gananoque, but this was the extent of the information obtainable. At first he confined himself to his hotel and seemed in constant fear of meeting strangers. One day he announced his intention of building a house on Maple Island, a spot then far removed from any habitation. Procuring carpenters and lumber, he soon erected a cozy home on a bluff overlooking the river in such a position that none could approach it without his knowing. He was an excellent musician, and many an evening the tones of his violin would float across the waters of the St. Lawrence, but no one was ever invited to his abode. It was known that he was the possessor of many books and a man of high attainments, but he shunned and apparently distrusted his fellow beings. "He was late-in the fall when one night a bright light was seen on Maple Island, and word was passed among the spectators on shore that the hermit's building was in fiames. It was supposed be had escaped and rowed to Clayton, Grinnell's or Fisher's Landing, but as he was not seen the following day a party rowed to the spot, and there a ghastly sight met their eyes. The bernit had been murdered, his throat slit from ear to ear, and on his breast were gashed three crosses in the shape of a triangle. About a week before the murder three men were seen about the place, and on the night of the tragedy they took a boat early in the evening and went out for a row. It was very late when they returned, and they seemed greatly excited. They hird a boat to row them to Alexandria Bay, where they separated, and all further trace was lost. Before his death McAdam is said to have confessed that he was one of the trie who made the trip to Maple Island. Payne and McAdam belonged to the Knights of the Golden Ci came down the St. Lawrence River and stopped to secure the South to the society, and death had broken Hs oath to the society, and death was meted out to him at his lonely home." In Major Haddock's "Picturesque St. Law-rence" a story is told of a murder which took place on Maple Island in the St. Lawrence just the civil war. A stranger who place on Mapin Island in the St. Lawrence Just at the close of the civil war. A stranger who built a shanty there and led a hermit's life was found dead one morning with his throat cut. It was suspected that he had been concerned in a plot to assassinate Lincoln, and if McAdams's confession is authentic it clears up that mystery.

ALL THE WAY ROUND! How the Publisher Made One Illustration Answer for Four Chapters of the Novel.

From Brooklyn Life.



LIVELY DAYS ON THE FERRY. Patrictism Letting Itself Losse in the Men's Cabin on the Receivelt Street Line.

The men's cabin on the Roosevelt street ferry posts has always been a great place for men, both sober and otherwise, to air their views or various topics of the time during the rush ours. The trip occupies from twelve to eighteen minutes, and in that time the other passengers have on many occasions had to listen to cranks, anarchists, patriots ready to die for their country and others ready to argue with anybody and everybody an any and all subjects. During the present stirring days the men's cabin has outdone itself and every night self-appointed instructers in "How to be patriotic and assist the Government with chin music" can be found, and some queer schemes as to conducting the war can be heard. The crowd is generally will-ing to listen, particularly when the speaker is

of sober. The other night an orator stumbled into the abin and with a flourish of his arms and a The other night an orator stumbled into the cabin and with a flourish of his arms and a lurch to starboard yelled that he was an "Irishman, but an American, too." The crowd, in for fun, cheered him. He then started in on the Spaniars, whom he called "Spanians." After talking for about five minutes, in which time he placed the Cape Verde Islands in Havana harbor and Manila and the Philippines somewhere in Spain, he brought forth a howl from the crowd by offering to organize an army right then and there and load it himself. As the boat was nearing the slip he had worked himself into such a frenzy denouncing the "Spanians" that he was fast becoming weak in the legs. Then he made one final appeal to the crowd. Hecried in a loud voice:

"Let us all join in singing the national antrin."

The crowd shricked with laughter and a boy started to whistle "The Wearing of the Green." Soon everyhody in the cabin felt "line, and with the Irish-American parriot "A" nears-he front, the passongers marched off the boat, all whistling the "national antrins" to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green."

AMBITIONS OF A. D. T. BOYS.

JUST NOW THEIR GREAT DESIRE IS
TO GO TO THE WAR.

One Has Actually Joined the Nary and 1.806
Are Environ Him.—Others Want to Be
Are Environ Him.—Others Want to Be
Are Environ Him.—Others Want to Be
Environ Him.—Others Want to Be
Are Environ Him.—Others Want to Be
Environ Him.—Othe

ceived orders at 11 o'clock one morning this week, and by 3 was on his way to Newport. He didn't even have time to bid his mother good by. The 1,399 who were left to go on with their regular duties thought this the biggest piece of luck that had ever fallen to the lot of boy in the uniform, and made no bones of expressing their admiration for and envy of the recruit.

The average messenger boy doesn't have to go to war to get excitement a plenty. It come along with his plain, everyday duties. His business takes him into all sorts of curious places at all hours of the night and day, and he sees and hears many odd things. Some people have an idea that once a messenger boy always a messenger boy. This is a great mistake, There are bankers, brokers, bookkeepers, clerks, clergymen, politicians, and what not in this city who have served as messenger boys, and the majority of them testify that they owe their success in life largely to the knowledge of men and affairs gained while in the service. Mr Rayens himself began life as a messenger boy and is proud of it. In his magnificently fur nished office at the company's headquarters in Dey street the thing he is most proud of is a shotograph of the boys in uniform with whom e served in a district office in 1878. "I like to look at that picture," he said, "and

think how many of the boys have amounted to ionisthing in life. That boy is now a member of the Cotton Exchange, that one a banker, that a Catholic priest, this little fat fellow a telegraph operator, and the one next to him an electrical engineer. Several are electricians, linemen, o managers in our employ, and some of them have inished this life. Everybody employed in this office to-day was once a messenger boy. There are men in every one of the city departments who began their career in our service. Indeed, our idea is not to retain the boys too long, but to train them toward better employment and to have younger boys take their places."

As a matter of fact, between 5,000 and 6,000 have are explored, every part of the contract of to have younger boys take their places."

As a matter of fact, between 5,000 and 6,000 hoys are employed every year to maintain a permanent force of 1,400. Some are discharged for one reason or another, but the bulk who quit the service go into hotels or clubs as bell-boys, or are employed by bankers, brokers, professional men, and merchants as office boys. It isn't every boy who asks for a place is the service that gets it. Applicants must come with first-class recommendations, and prepared to stand an examination as to their general knowledge. No boy is employed who does not live at home. This seems a hard rule to some of the bright little chaps that have no homes, but experience has taught the management that more reliance can be placed in boys living with their parents. Two detectives are employed to investigate the references given by each applicant and to visit his home to see if he has told a straight story, and thus the fathers and mothers of the city's Mercuries are brought into a somewhat personal relation with the employer of their sons. Boys under 14 or over 20 years of age are not employed. It is true that there are a few still in the service who have grown gray, but they are retained for special reasons and do nothing but deliver telegrams. Not one of these veterans is to be seen in one of the busy district offices uptown, where everybody wants everything done in a rush. The night and day forces are entirely separate. A ten-hour-day law prevails, and a quick-witted, wide-awake boy has a chance to see and do a lot of curious things in that time 365 days in the year. As a rule, these boys are close-mouthed, but when urged to talk and assured that Mr. Rayens will not bounce them for doing so, they delight to relate experiences.

"The first call I had yesterday," said a bright-

sored that Mr. tayens will not bounce them for doing so, they delight to relate experiences.

"The first call I had yesterday," asid a brightered, rosy-cheeked youth of fiteen, "was to take red, rosy-cheeked youth of fiteen, "was to take these dinkly little woolly dogs and had cored the said it just broke her heart not to be able to take Cheepsy out in the victoria for an airin', but the doctor said she mustn't go out. I hates for the dear to have to walk, she says. 'And now, boy, if you sees him lookin far tenged, you carry him in yo mid if that dog's legs dropped off I was to the looking far the god you carry him in yo mid if that dog's legs dropped off I was to said that the year sight o' her maid made it worse. I couldn't see why, because she looked up to the limit to me; but I reckon the lady dead soldiers round the room. Dond ended and that the very sight o' her maid made it worse. I couldn't see why, because she looked up to the limit to me; but I reckon the lady dead soldiers round the room. Dond ended soldiers round the room. Dond ended soldiers round the room of the sweetest soap, and then I got to work. At dirst I rubbed too hard, then too soft, and then I went it too fast, until I began to think I'd struck a hard job, But after while I hik it for similar the says.' Don't know what a magnellic touch; do you know it I lad. 'No'n, because I don't know what a magnellic touch; do you know it I lad.' My next calls were to carry some telegrams, and then agentleman had me take a note to a lady. He was: 'Don't give it to the butler, but see the lady hersel', and if a gentleman is with her say.' Bon't give her husband, and me and the lady buffed him to death. I says, in my best manner. From the dressmaker, and she looks at me cut and says, 'Yes, my bill.' Her husband says, 'Let me see it, my love, but she laukhed and ran ont int

WAS A CONFEDERATE SPY.

OFFERED DYING IN A HOSPITAL. Then a dirt the Was Courted by Burnside-

to Gen, Burnside that years afterward, when she was a prisoner in Cincinnati, she made a confession of her work

whose servants leave them, and everything else, you can think of."

A good many complaints are received at head-quarters about the boys from time to time, but these are offset by letters of commendation which pour in. Only the other day a boy was discharged for stealing a bicycle lamp, when he went to answer a call. The women from whom he stole it wrote, begging that the boy be allowed to have another trial, as she was sure, after talking with him, that it was his first ofence; but the management said that the company could not afford to keep the boy in its employ. The vast majority of the A. D. T. boys are well-managered, well-appearing, obliging and attentive. They see a lot of life and learn much of the strength and weakness of human nature, but for the most part this knowledge does not rob them of their boyishness.

FLAGS ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

The Fighting Goes On Until a National En-

A story is told of a cabin boy on board a man of-war who, by his action in pulling down the enemy's flag during a battle, gained a victory for his commander. The story illustrates the value of the national flag in a naval action, and how much depends upon the sailors seeing it flying from the masthead above them. It was just at the beginning of a battle between two ships that the cabin boy, who had never been in fight, asked one of the sailors how long it would take the enemy to surrender, and what is own ship would have to do to beat the other. "Do you see that f" asked the sailor, pointing o the flag which was flying from the masthead of the other ship. "As long as that is flying the other fellows will fight, but when it comes down they will stop and their ship will surrender."

The cabin boy was too small to fight, but he nade up his mind to get the flag for his Captain. During the battle, when the ships were lashed ogether, he crawled on board the enemy's ves sel, and while the sailors were busy fighting climbed the rope ladder which ran up the mast and, pulling the flag from its place, wrapped it round his body and carried it back to his own ship. The sailors were fighting bravely, until one, looking up and seeing that the flag was gone, cried out to his companions that the Capain had pulled down the flag, and there was no use fighting longer. The men threw down their arms, and the mistake was not discovered until it was too late, for the cabin boy's comrades had

The flag of his country is what every sailor and soldier throughout the world fights for dur ing a battle; when the flag is gone they lose deeds have been in defence of the flag, and to get it back again when the enemy have cap-tured it. When a ship goes into battle the naest point on the vessel, where it flies until the engagement is over. Sometimes, when the other ship is the stronger, or its sailors fight better. and the Captain sees that he is beaten, he pulls down his flag to show the enemy that he has had enough and wants to surrender. This not is called "striking the colors". It is a usual thing to run up a white flag in the place of the one which has been hauled down, but often the simple act of striking the colors is enough to end battle. So long as the Captain of a ship sees any flag except a white one flying from the enemy's vessel he will continue to fire upon it. for it is a sign that the sailors have not given up and are ready to fight longer.

Sometimes, during a naval battle, the ropes which hold the flag are shot away, but in such

up and are ready to fight longer.

Sometimes, during a naval battle, the ropes which hold the flag are shot away, but in such cases there are always some brave sailors who will climb the must and put another in its place. During the Revolutionary war, when the ship commanded by Paul Jones was fighting an English vessel, the American flag was shot away and fell overboard into the water. One of the sailors, who saw it fail, jumped after it, and although he was wounded swam with it back to the ship, when it was fastened to the top of the mast again. When the flag went overboard the Englishmen began to cheer, for they thought that Paul Jones had surrendered, but when they saw it flying from the masthead once more they changed their minds and finally surrendered themselves. The action of the wounded sailor in jumping into the water to rescue the flag made his companions fight all the harder.

Every one who has road American history knows about the battle of Lake Erie, and of how Commodore Perry carried the flag from his sinking ship and holsted it upon another. When the English Capitain saw Parry going in a rowboat from the sinking ship with the flag thrown over his shoulder, he ordered his sailors to sink the boat so that the flag coulin't be holsted at the mathead of another American vessel. He have flag was lost heavy and losse heart and curender, and as he expected, when they asw the flag flying again they worked the harder and finally beat all his ships.

A ship going into action carries several flags: the national colors, which are hoisted in the most prominent place; the union jack, the pennant, which is a lung, narrow streamer flying from the masthead, and a set of signal flags, which are used to send mussages from one ship to another. When a squadron of yessels under an Admiral goes into a fight the flagship flies, besides the other flags mentioned, one which denotes the rank of that officer. In the old days, when war vessels were holsted to the company of the flags have only one mast, and several flags man

MR. STAYBOLT'S PHILOSOPHY. of Hope.

"Hope is a fine thing," said Mr. Staybolt, sure. We'd be a pretty miserable lot, most of us, without it. And a man can get along very comfortably for quite a spell on nothing else, comfortably for quite a spell on nothing else, without doing a blessed thing but hope that things will come his way. But while hope makes a bright light it doesn't give out very much freat; if a man wants that he must dig for it. It is a fortunate thing for a man to make the most digging with his hopefulness has the most reason to be hopeful. FOMAN FOR WHOM REWARD WAS

the Jilled Bim-Years After, When the Was His Prisoner, She Confessed the Part Curcago. May 5 .- One of the most famous spies of the Confederacy, Mrs. James Clarke, is dying in a hospital in this city. When she was Miss Charlotte Moore of Oxford, O., she asginated Ambrose E. Burnside, then a student there, and ultimately filted him. It was

the Burnet House in

as a spy in the Confederate cause. Miss Moore married James Clarks, a lawyer, in Ohio. The Clarkes were living in this when the civil war broke out, and they were known as outhern sympathizers. One of the visitors at their house about that time was Walker Tay lor, a Confederate spy. He had important despatches for Gen, Kirby Smith, and Mrs. Clarke volunteered to deliver them. She disguised icreelf as an Irish woman, won the aympathy of an Irish Federal soldier and was passed through the Federal lines. She delivered the despatches to a Confederate whom she met on the road, and whom she had previously known, although he did not know her at the time.

When she was on her way back, as the train neared Cincinnati, the stations were notified that a female spy was on board who must be captured. Mrs. Clarke had taken a seat beaind Gen. Leslie Coombs, ex-Governor of Kentucky, a Union man. The sobs and wails of the supposed Irish woman appealed to the General and his wife. Her piteous tale enlisted their sympathy. And when she said she heard they were looking for female spies and afraid they'd arrest a poor lone woman like perself, it was Gen, Coombs himself who helped her off the rear end of the train at Covington ind saw her pick her way through the dark streets toward the ferry. She reached her ome in Cificinnati in safety.

It was soon after this that the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, editor of a religious weekly in Louisville, was forced to leave the country because of the bitter editorial which appeared in his paper against the North. He came North en route to Canada and met Col. Thompson, who was also flying for fear of arrest, and together they went to Montreal. These two names are famous in history as the leaders of that little band of Southerners in Canada who vere accused of collecting smallpox clothing and other infectious garments and sending them to the Union army. In this cause they were able to onlist the services of Mrs. Clarke. She journeyed quietly to Montreal, and a few months later an English lady with an ample fortune and in very bad health presented herself and her credentials in Washington, and

asked for a pass which would enable her to reach the great Virginia Springs. When she was questioned she acknowleded having journeyed through Canada, and having met there two Americans who were very much interested in the Southern cause. She gave as much infor mation concerning their plans as she remompered, and so ingratisted herself with the officers. who pitied her evident M health, that when Lincoln made his journey to review the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, to the surprise of every one concerned, she was found in the President's carriage. Her charm did the rest, and on arriving at

Her charm did the rest, and on arriving at the camp Gen. McClellan, knowing she had come in the Presidential narty, gave her a pass through the Union lines to Richmond. When the mistake was discovered Stanton, the Secretary of War, raged like a madman, and offered a reward of \$10,000 for that Confederate female spy, dead or alive. Having resulted has destination and delivered the de-Secretary of War, raged like a madman, and offered a reward of \$10,000 for that Confederate female spy, dead or alive. Having reached her destination and delivered the despatches and information intrusted to her, Mrs. Clarke turned her face toward Cincinnati, She came back through the northeastern part of Kentucky, across Louisa county, and down through Mount Sterling and Piksville. Here she struck the Federal troops in command of Gen, Milroy, and the pickets halted the carriage and refused to let ber pass. After hearing her story, the guard sent word to Gen, Milroy that an English lady, very ill and making her way North from the Virginia Springs, wished to pass through the Union lines. The answer came to send the invalid to headquarters. Gen, Milroy felt the case was a matter for the surgeon, not for himself, and he accordingly called up his medical director, a man very proud of his wisdom and ability, who ordered the stranger taken to the hospital.

When they reached the hospital the English lady persisted she was not able to walk without and she was carried in a chair to the surgeon's office. Here the officer asked the precise nature of ber aliment, and was told that it was rheumatism. The physician proceeded to make she examination. He raised the interesting stranger's arm, and while her face wore an expression of misery the short, sharp scraping of the bones could be distinctly heard. esting stranger's arm, and while her face wore an expression of misery the short, sharp scraping of the bones could be distinctly heard. Next the physician placed his ear to the invalid's heart, and clearly heard the oninous sound of disorder there. Mrs. Clarke had not studied the art of mimicry for nothing. The surgoon was convinced that the stranger was all that she represented herself, and that she was really in a very serious condition. She was carried down stairs to her carriage, and on recommendation of his medical adviser Gen. Milroy which heavily in a safety to

the art of mimiery for nothing. The surgeon was convinced that the stranger was all that she represented herself, and that she was realized to a very serious condition. She was carried down stairs to her carriage, and on recommendation of his medical advisor Gen. Miroy lesued a pass which brought her in safety to clincinnati.

Burnside, who was now a General, and in command in Cincinnati, had heard there were spies in his section of the country, and issued orders for them to be brought in. The house of Clarks was reported as headquarters for Southern sympathizers. An agent of Burnside went there as a visitor in sympathy with the Southern cause, and ingratisted himself in the confidence of Mrs. Moore, the mother of Mrs. Clarke, and her unmarried daughter. When these women in was one day by the confidence of Mrs. Moore, the mother of Mrs. Clarke, and her unmarried daughter. When these women in was one day by the confidence of the women of the

Raising Bullfrogs from Tadpoler. 🗽

Iron the Battinore Sen.

Easton, Md., May 4.—James Henry Carroll of Caroline brought to Easton yesterday the first consignment of the produce of a new industry he has gone late, which is raising builtinose from the tadpole. Seven large frogs, raised in his pond, were his first market output. He brought them in alive in a chicken coop, but is having made an immense tank on wheels for the conveyance of the batrachians. Mr. Carroll and some skilful people be has interested in his enterprise expect to batch them from the larve instead of depending, as now, on pooling the tadpoles. The product brought yesterday excited much competition on the part of epicures.

MEN OF GREENISH SKINS. Moral, Mental, and Physical Degradation

the Clay Extern of the South. RICHMOND, Va., May 3.-Beyond the limits of his domain-the ultra-rural districts of Vir ginia and North Carolina-the clay eater is virtually unknown. So unheard-of an abnormity is he that the great world outside the localities in question may be almost as skeptical about his existence as landlubbers are in repard to

he existence of the sea scrpent. The common notion that the clay eater subsists wholly or even mainly upon the earth out of which he is believed to have been originally created is an error. Clay is not his sole die nor, in fact, any considerable portion of his provender. The clay eater merely uses certain kinds of soil much the same way as s chewer of tobacco disposes of entic weed-namely, by masticating frequent and coplous mouthfuls, in the belief that he de rives therefrom solace as well as mental stim plation. There are two kinds of clay engerly sought after by the clay enter-pipe clay and that more plentiful red material with which so many chimneys are partially built and so many cabins are daubed and chinked throughout the Southern States. The red clay chimneys are a great source of supply for the army of those ad dicted to the habit of eating dirt. These dirt eaters, as they are termed in the

ommunities in which they exist, acquire the

habit at a comparatively early age-not a few

of them as soon as they are able to crawl or toddle around to the side or rear of the house and pick away some of the red clay with and pick away some of the red clay with which the rocks constituting the chimney are crudely cemented. Many neglected young-sters in the wildest regions of the South-land are vessera and inveterate dirt eaters long before they are 12 years of age. Their saliva speedily relaxes the hard chimney clay—if they can obtain no other kind-into the degree of laxity possessed by chewing gum. Clay eaters will tell you that clay is far superior in every respect to tobacco. It has far better seedative properties, little expectoration is necessary, while the taste is far superior, the flavor of the clay being sweet and slightly spicy. The dirt eater, like the tobacco chewer, will tell you that so consoling is the effect of the habit upon his nervous system that he feels himself lost without a quid of clay. Yet in spite of all their claims as to the efficacy of clay as a mental sedative, dirt eaters are usually individuals of minimum intelligence, physical wrecks with horribly deranged nervous systems. So far as the alleged nutrilive properties of clay are concerned, there is absolutely no evidence in its favor, while there is much evidence to warrant the assumption that it is totally devoid of any properties of the kind. Investigation tends to show that clay has a deleterious effect upon the nerves of those who, chew it. This is, however, merely a secondary result, the primary injury caused being an exceedingly deranged condition of the stomach and liver. Find him where you may, you will invastable see in the dirt eater a being of unnatural mien. which the rocks constituting the chimney are primary injury caused being an excessingly de-ranged condition of the stomach and liver. Find him where you may, you will invariably see in the dirt ester a being of unnatural mion. His eyes are dull and glossy—much like the eyes of an optime ester—his flesh is so puffy as to create a suspicion of lurking dropsy; in both his mind and his body energy is seriously lacking, while his skin is often of a decidedly bluish-yellow hue—in some rare cases a pronounced greenish that is unmistakable. In his "History of the Crimea, 'King-lake mentions the olive green that of Napoleon's skin on certain occasions. Emile Zola, in his "Hôbale," refers to the same peculiarity of the skin of the French Emperor when unduly excited. It must not, however, be inferred that Napoleon was a dirt eater. His occasional strange cutaneous tint is known to have been due to other causes, and it is referred to here only for the purpose of minimizing any incredulity which may be aroused by the statement.

due to other causes, and it is referred to here only for the purpose of minimizing any increduilty which may be aroused by the statement that the skins of some dirt eaters, especially the skins of those who have irreparably ruined their systems by the habit, are of a pronounced greenish tint.

A lawyer of extensive practice is responsible for the following story, and the anecdote is here given because it is a fair illustration of the mental quality of the average dirt eater. The lawyer was engaged in defending some moonshine cases, and was anxious to throw discredit upon the evidence of one witness, a young dirt eater, whose testimony was peculiarly damaging to the illicit distiliers. It was the lawyer sim to show that the young man lacked sense sufficient to qualify him to be a witness in a court of justice.

"Who is your father?" asked the lawyer of the youth on the witness stand.

the youth on the witness stand.
"Dunno, migter," was the reply.
"Who is your mother!"

"I ain't acquainted with the 'coman now, sir."
"Did you ever hear of God !"
"Mebbe I heye, mister; but he don't live

"Mebbe I have, mister; but he don't live about our parts."
"You have never heard of Christ, then I"
"No, mister, that's sartin I never liss. Is he a white man or a nigger! Anyhow, he don't live nowheres about us."
"Then, of course, you've never heard of the Holy Ghost—the Holy Spirit of God!" asked the lawyer, as a cilmax.
"No, mister—that I never did. Old man Danie! Jones, who lives up at the fur end of Murderer's Hollow, he's allus a talkin' about the ghostesses, sperits and hants he meets up with; but I never

Hollow, he's allus a talkin' about the ghostesses, sperite and hants he meets up with; but I never did hear him say nothin' about any holy hant. I'll swar I never did."

What the dirt cater does not know would take many a long month to tell. All that he really does seem to know when he can be drawn into conversation is how to give a crudely lurid description of his many alments, real and imaginary, and a few of his experiences at making love —"coating" as he calls it. Upon all else his mind appears to be a blank. He usually lives in squally poverty—he has no alms or aspirations

wherewith to keep his body and soul together solong as dirt chewing renders this possible. There is more truth than harshness in the statement that he lives like a dog, dies like a dog, and is buried like a dog; but as he knows of few of man's responsibilities it is very commonplace charity to trust, as do his less dograded neighbors, that his stripes will also be few.

Many a country physician bas set himself to work in carnest to improve both the physical and the mental condition of the dirt enters. These efforts have been seconded by those of many other well disposed and intelligent persons. Some little success has been achieved, although much has yet to be done. Even as it is sometimes difficult to keep a temporarily reformed toper from falling back into his evil ways, so it is often very difficult to prevent his brother of the clay-eating stripe from returning to the mire from which he has been dragged.

"Once a clay eater, always a clay eater," would seem to be a true rendering of an old aphorism.

FLORIDA SINK-HOLES.

Into These Pits. From the Gaincaville Sun.

The sinks of Florida are numerous, and one of he State's most attractive features to strangers isiting this part of the country. Around Ala chua Lake, three miles south of Gainesville, there are hundreds of sink-holes of various sizes and depth. It is apparent from the existence of so many sinks that the whole country is honeycombed with subterranean passages. Portions of the land in that region have been sinking for ages. Many of the sinks have trees growing in ages. Many of the sinks have trees growing in them, the dimensions of which indicate that they must be centuries oid. There is no telling at what moment the earth may give way and a new sink be formed.

Only a few years ago the ground under the track of the Florida Southern Railroad, near Alachua Lake, gave way, and in the darkness of night a train ran into a hole seventy or eighty feet deen. The train was completely wrecked, but fortunately all aboard escaped death.
There are sinks in various parts of Alachua

Alcoha Lake, gave way, and in the darkness of high is frain ran into a hole seventy or eighty feet deep. The train was completely wrecked, but fortunately all abourd escaped death.

There are sinks in various parts of Alachua county, but they are more numerous in the vicinity of what the Indians called "Big Jug," or Alachus, meveling the oven sink hole through which the water in the lake at difficent periods has run out, leaving an immense savanna, or many thusann's of acres of prairie land. Many years ago several acres of ground on the public road leading from this city to Newmany ville sank and formed a lake, in which the tops of tail trees could be seen beneath the surface of the water. This spot is known as the Blue Sink. Seven miles northwest of Gainesville is a manmoth sink known as the Devil's Mill Hopper. It is a great natural enriosity, and is a popular resort for short parties is well as for pleasure seekers, who, during the winter season, visit this part of Florida. One mile west of Gainesville is the Green Sink, containing a considerable volume of water in which it has been the custom for many years of colored people to bathe, and morn untimely deaths have occurred in this sink by drowning. A notable sink is that in which Hogtown Creek emulies, about five miles southwest of this city. Ho town Creek is quite a stream, which rans into this sink hole stream, which rans into this sink hole and gradually disappears through a subterrance outlet. At this point quite a lake is formed, which is well filled with all species of fish known to inland Fiorida waters.

The natural bridge over the Santa Fé River, is the seather stern part of Alachua county, are but sink holes reaching to large underground passages, through which hundreds of thousands of acres of limit are drained.

The hatural bridge over the Santa Fé River, is the seather stern part of Alachua county. It is not a subtersal bridge over the sant as few miles west of Gainesville, disappear into underground passages. Most of the sink and en miles west

SIEGE OF A HATED BABY.

AN INTRUDER IN A QUIET FLAT HOUSE IN HABLEM.

He Got In Against the Rules, Had Lungs of 1.600 Horse Power (Indicated), and Apparently Couldn't He Put Out-Measures That Brought Out a "To Let" Sign. It was the quietest apartment house in 129d street, if not in all Harlem, so the neighbors said, and they sighed and envied the inmates. On the first floor were the young physician and his wife. Above them were the newspaper man and his helpmest. The third flat was in posession of the young man in the leaf tobacco business and his pretty bride. Immediately over them were the old maid, her niece, the choir singer, and the bloated Maltese cat. The top flat was the scene of the prolonged assidul-

ties of three Columbia College grinds. The distractions of children's romps or the rociferations of domestic infelicities never entered that rare abode of peace. By day its atmosphere partook of the awesome silence of mid-ocean and the hush of the voiceless tomb, At night the sweet contralto voice of the cholr singer stole softly through the apartment house or the silvery tinkle of a guitar in the caressing hands of one of the three grinds gently awoke the slumbering echo, disturbing not the happy conditions of repose. Even conversations were carried on in subdued tones, for the walls were thin, and the pipes which fed the steam radiators were as good conductors of sound as they were of heat. It was mute Utopia.

he peace and quiet of the inmates, at least the seace and quietude of a majority of the inmates. It appounced Its presence one morning by a echie wail in the spartments occupied by the young man in the leaf tobacco business and his pretty bride. The wail got into the steam pipes and was directly communicated to the physician and his wife, the newspaper man and his wife, the old maid, her niece, the choir singer, and the bloated Maltese cat, and the three Columbia College grinds. It filled them with dismal orebodings. "It's a boy, sir," announced the ianitor.

The three grinds said that didn't abate the ulsance: the old maid muttered; her niece, the choir singer, now some years beyond the freshaces of her first bloom and beauty, sighed, and be newspaper man frowned darkly.

"Is he healthy?" asked the young physician. The janitor swept away the growing hope. "Ten pounds, sir, and doin' fine," he replied.

Gloom settled over the apartment house like leaden pall. The choir singer's voice was still that night; the silvery tinkle of the guitar was eard only in reverberant memory. It was thus the next night and the next, and so on for a eek. The stranger in the third flat made up for these nocturnal omissions, if not in melody puny, but not so his lungs. They were 1,600 norse power (indicated), and he advertised the fact with an indifference to public contempt worthy of a more laudable undertaking.

The three distressed grinds called him beast and little brute and wished that suspended animation would set in. The old maid's mut-terings rumbled into positive maledictions. Her nicce, the choir singer, ceased to sigh and looked annoyed. The newspaper man revised his vocabulary of profanity and dedicated it to the destroyer of his peace. The young physician hought the baby would do better in another world and wistfully longed for his translation. All united in condemning the father of the obstreperous infant as a felon of the rankest

The janitor read the rules of the apartment ouse (at the instance of the old maid) to the young man in the leaf tobacco business. He pointed out the clause prohibiting the leasing of

young man in the leaf tobacco business. He pointed out the clause prohibiting the leasing of apartments to tenants with children. The young man in the leaf tobacco business apologized humbly, but said the binding rules of hospitality forbade his turning the stranger out, unsophisticated as he was, to be exposed to the evils and temptations of a great city. He was sorry, but powerloss.

The hated baby continued to wail his enemies to scorn. Each added day of life infused more energy into his efforts. He became set up by the success of his vocalizing and conceived an ambition to surpass the most notable achievements of bedlam. But pride goeth ever before a fall. He reckoned not the astuteness of his foces, or, at least, he undervalued it. Energy, perseverance, and vast resource had he on his side, it is true, but he lacked good generalship and so fell into one fatal blunder which his enemies were quick to selze and turn to their advantage. He wailed almost altogether at night, when they were endeavoring to sleep, and rested from his herculean labors by day.

This fact was pointed out at a council of war held in the young physician's office and presided over by the most ferocious and desperate of the three grinds. It resulted in the prompt organization of forces to dislodge the infant and compel him to surrender at mercy. Even the Janieor was admitted to the conneil, and was enthusiastic in promising to do his part.

The following morning the janitor bought a dog, a young whelp warranted to howl with or without provocation. He was trieed up by a short chain in the rear of the apartment house

enthusiastic in promising to do his part.

The following morning the janitor bought a dog, a young whelp warranted to how with or without provocation. He was triced up by a short chain in the rear of the spartment house and soon vindicated his seller's assurances by raising the neighborhood with his yelps. He woke the entrapped baby, who, surprised and indignant at the interruption of his matutinal slumbers, protested hitterly, but to no purpose. The dog was zealous in his performance.

Next, the three grinds showed their hands. Every time they entered the spartment house they made the event sensational. They whooped. They groaned. They kicked each individual stair on their way up to their lofty flat. They beat upon the balustrade. They invited freshmen to do the college yell on the landing outside the third flat. They employed members of the eleven to tructice tackles on the stairs. What time the dog loft was mostly devoted by the distracted infant to registering complaints against them.

The newspaper man took up the attack where the dog and the three grinds left off. He bought his wife a banjo and beat time to her raucous twangings with a stove-lifter on the sound-transmitting steam pipes. When the dog, the lirect grinds, and the newspaper man retired, the choir singer took up the fight. She opened her plano, turned on the loud pedal, and unchained her quavers. The young physician struck the last blow at night by firing stentorian orders at the janitor. That baby was worked longer and harder than any infant of his age and experience in Harlem. His overtime alone was sufficient to furnish power for half a dozen steam laundries.

It was the noisiest apartment house in

lorger and harder than any infant of his age and experience in Harlem. His overtime alone was sufficient to furnish power for half a dozen steam laundries.

It was the noisiest apartment house in 122d street, if not in all Harlem, so the neighbors said, and they reviled the inmates.

The ire of the young man in the lear tobacce business was aroused, and he went to the rescue of the beleaguered infant. First he tackled the jamitor and demanded a cossation of hostilities, The jamitor pleaded total inability to interfere, to procure an armistice, or to act as arbitrator. Then the young man in the leaf tobacce business requested the three grinds to desist, but they received his overtures in pretended surprise, didn't know any noise out of the usual had been made, couldn't restrain their college friends, &c. The newspaper man afforded him no greater satisfaction, and the young physician said he thought the young man in the leaf tobacce business must imagine he heard unusual disturbances, and advised him to consult an aurist. Snortly after these interviews the jabifor stirred up the dog; the three grinds doubled the corps of freshmen who did the college yell and prolonyed the ascent of the stairs; the newspaper man throw away his stove lifter and got a hatchet; the choir singer's voice and plano increased in volume, and the young physician gave twice as many orders at night.

This wont on for two weeks. Never in that time did the hated baby find time to rest except at night. Sheer exhaustion compelled him them to desist and act like a reputable citizen. But his parents were suffering as much as he was, in desnair of restoring the past order to the apartment house by prayers or entreaties to the obdurate enemies of the baby, they resorted to the apartment house by prayers or entreaties to the obdurate enemies of the baby, they resorted to the apartment house by prayers or entreaties to the obdurate enemies of the baby, they resorted to the apartment house by prayers or entreaties to the obdurate enemies of the baby, t

"TO LET